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NEW YORK'S NEW SENATOR.

PUCK SUGGESTS A WAY TO GET THE BEST RESULTS.

IN THE FAR WEST.

FIRST CITIZEN — Well, Chicago deserved to be called the Windy City fer fair.

SECOND CITIZEN.—What has it been doin'?

FIRST CITIZEN.—Why, after all that talk about hangin' Aldermen, they did n't do anything!

WHEN WOMAN RULES.

MRS. BALLOTBOX.—I 'm going to Washington at once to see the President.

MRS. WIREPULLER.—What for?

MRS. BALLOTBOX.—I know of some lovely bargains in battleships and torpedos.

WHEN HAVANA IS AMERICANIZED.

NATIVE.—This way, señor! One enters by the side-door.

STRANGER.—By the side-door?

NATIVE.—Si, señor! Bull-fighting is prohibited on Sunday.

DO OUR impulsive people realize that expansion is going to make imported cigars mostly domestic?

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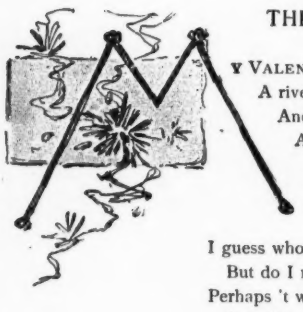
CRITICISM.

"Are all owls wise, Pa?"

"No, my son. Too many of them hoot without knowing what they are hooting about."

THE WISDOM OF AN ELDER.



MY VALENTINE! How pretty! see—
A river's bank, trees overhanging;
And in a boat a girl—like me,—
A man—like Dick—his banjo twanging,
While just beyond the drifting boat
Two amorous, graceful swans afloat!

I guess who sent it;—nay, I *know!*
But do I rightly read this riddle?
Perhaps 't were better just to show
It to Mama. "What 's this, child? *Fiddle!*
It 's meaning? May your wit increase!
Two silly swans—and *a pair of geese!*"

Judith Spencer.

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DRAMATIC CRITICISM.

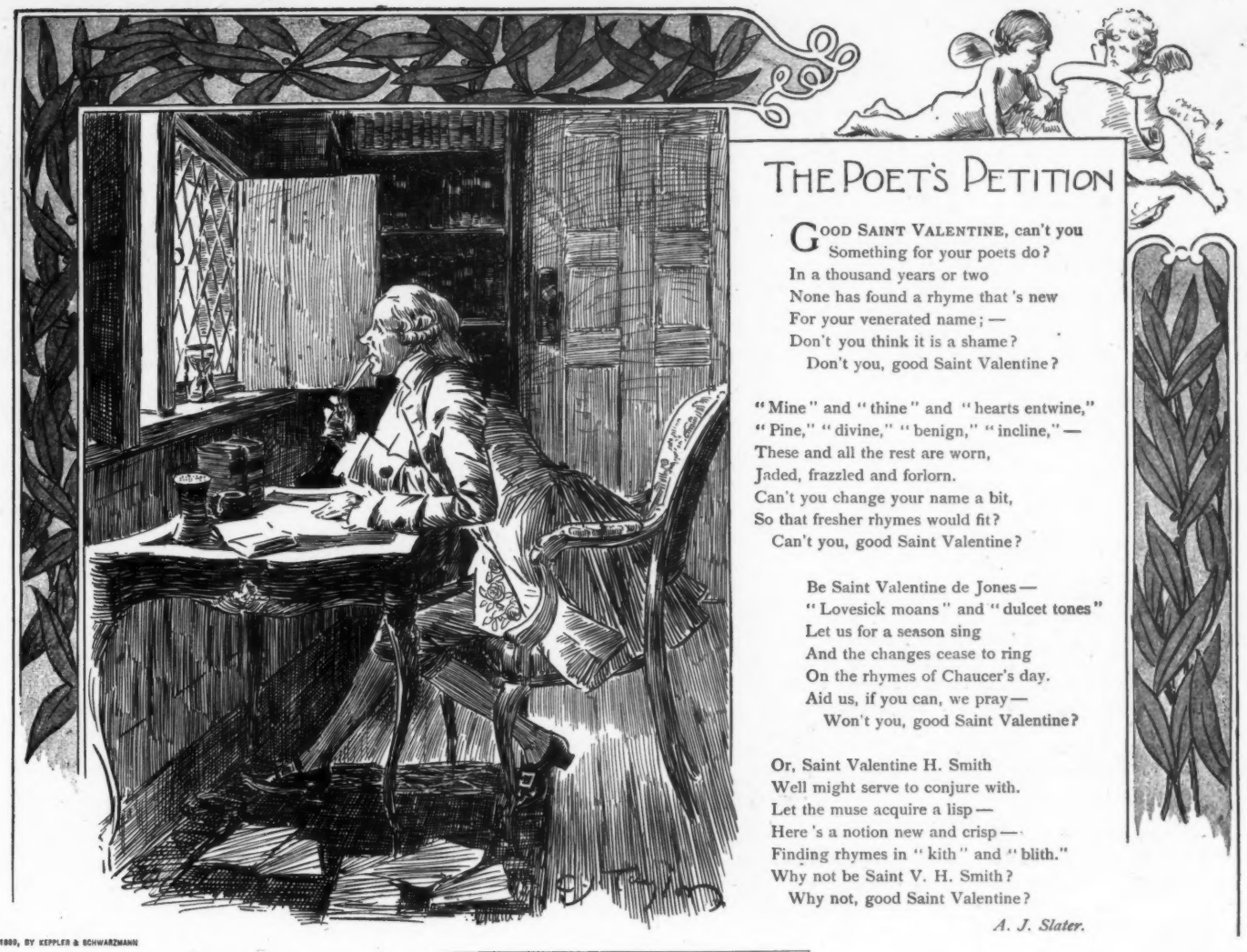
MRS. BACKWOODS *(after her return from the metropolis).*—They took me to the theatre—first time I ever was in a theatre in my life—and the way them actors and actresses can pretend they 're glad and sorry and happy and heartbroken and angry and so on—I tell you it 's a caution!

NEIGHBOR.—Did 'nt you like it?

MRS. BACKWOODS.—Oh! yes, indeed; but it seems to me them people on the stage must be a lot of hypocrites.

THE HUMOR which consists in grotesque spelling is no longer in vogue. There are now so many pretty typewriters that grotesque spelling is n't funny any more.

THE *entente cordiale* between Uncle Sam and Spain may not be *quite* restored, but they are beginning to hold about the same opinion of their mutual acquaintance, Aguinaldo.



THE POET'S PETITION

GOOD SAINT VALENTINE, can't you
Something for your poets do?
In a thousand years or two
None has found a rhyme that 's new
For your venerated name; —
Don't you think it is a shame?
Don't you, good Saint Valentine?

"Mine" and "thine" and "hearts entwine,"
"Pine," "divine," "benign," "incline," —
These and all the rest are worn,
Jaded, frazzled and forlorn.
Can't you change your name a bit,
So that fresher rhymes would fit?
Can't you, good Saint Valentine?

Be Saint Valentine de Jones —
"Lovesick moans" and "dulcet tones"
Let us for a season sing
And the changes cease to ring
On the rhymes of Chaucer's day.
Aid us, if you can, we pray —
Won't you, good Saint Valentine?

Or, Saint Valentine H. Smith
Well might serve to conjure with.
Let the muse acquire a lisp —
Here 's a notion new and crisp —
Finding rhymes in "kith" and "blith."
Why not be Saint V. H. Smith?
Why not, good Saint Valentine?

A. J. Slater.

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FORCED TO IT.

SHE. — When we are married won't you give up your clubs, dear?

HE. — I 've practically done that already, Darling. Since we 've been engaged I 've been suspended from all of them.

A NOVEL EXPERIENCE.

ISAACS. — How did you like dot gondinuous pervormance?

COHENSTEIN. — Vell, it vos der first time in my life I efer t'ought I vos getting more dan der money'sh vort.

HIS CONVINCING WEIGH.

MCLUBBERTY. — Wull, wull! Oi t'ought Oi was a trut'ful mon, but Shannihan convinced me thot Oi am not!

O'HOGGARTY. — How did he do ut?

MCLUBBERTY. — He called me a loiar, an' as he weighs fifty pounds more than Oi do, begorra, Oi was foorced to belave him!

AN UNFORTUNATE SCIENTIST.

"I have an idea for a perpetual motion machine," said the fifteenth century philosopher.

"Pooh!" said his friend, an able man, far in advance of his time. "Perpetual motion is a delusion. Your machine won't work."

"I know it won't," replied the philosopher, who was even farther in advance of his time; "but I will organize a stock company and let the public in on the ground floor."

However, the fifteenth century public did not subscribe. Thus, as the world has often seen, the man who is too far in advance of his time is doomed to disappointment.

RECOLLECTIONS.

MRS. WEEPERLY. — Yes, we pay spot cash for everything.

MRS. WHIPPERLY. — Ah! I often speak to my husband about the time when *we* had to.

TO BE READY FOR EMERGENCIES.

"I thought of learning to play the cornet —"

"Yes? Why don't you join an athletic club and get in training?

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JUDGING FROM APPEARANCES.

"I heard him say in Sunday-school that he liked to see boys enjoy themselves."

"Well, he don't look as if he did!"

HER HIT.

"LADIES AND gentlemen," announced the leading lady of a vaudeville sketch team, "I am going to sing a song. The song itself I do not claim to be original, but the circumstances under which it is to be sung, I may truthfully say, are absolutely unprecedented in the history of American Vaudeville.

"I have received no stage telegram from an imaginary manager, asking me to head an opera company, and shall not, consequently, feel called upon to sing on that account. I shall not sing because 'there is nobody around,' or 'while I am waiting for the first person to visit my studio.' That person will be my gentlemanly partner, and he is at present in the flies. He will appear when I get through the song. *He* does the waiting.

"The scene-shifter will not bring me an invitation to a 'party where every one will have to sing or dance' and which will necessitate an immediate rehearsal. No premonition that 'Mothaar' is at this moment wondering where I am, will urge me to sing a ballade in her honor. 'Mothaar' knows where I am, and if I don't sing this song she stands a pretty good show of losing her means of support.

"Again, ladies and gentlemen," she went on, in the expectant hush that wrapt the house, "I shall not address the pianist here as 'Professor,' nor shall I request him to 'rattle the horse-teeth,' 'tickle the ivories' or 'saw wood.'

"In conclusion let me say that I am not going to do this 'with your kind indulgence,' but simply because it 's a part of this act and it 's not going to be cut out!"

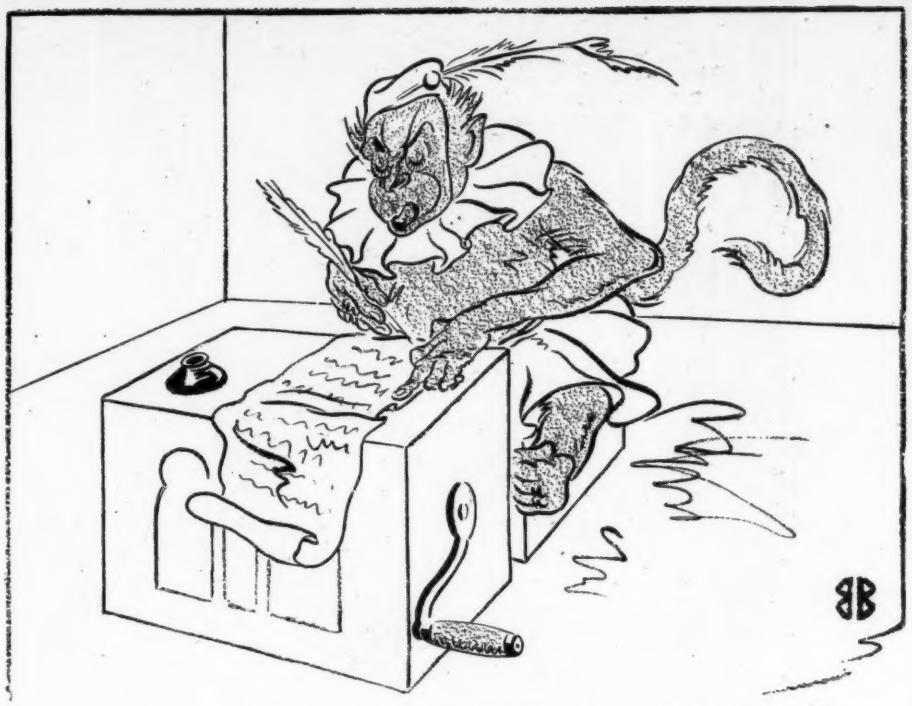
And, although she sang "Just Break the News to Mother," that vast audience, from the half-dollars to the ten-centers, broke into a mighty cheer. A new era had begun!

Larkin G. Mead.

THE SAME THING.

FIRST SWEET THING.—I wish I could tell you how much I love him!
SECOND SWEET THING.—Why not tell me how much he 's worth?

THE DANGER in having a command of language is that it is likely to mutiny.



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A FINE REPORT.

JACKO *(writing home)*.—My dear Mama, you will be pleased to hear that I am doing well. An Italian Count and myself are giving organ recitals.

NO PARTNERSHIP.

DEAR SIR:—Herewith you 'll find enclosed your valentine this day received by Cupid post. Am not disposed to join the firm by you believed to be of such great benefit to all concerned. To me it seems the business is overdone and further ventures idle dreams. I think statistics bear me out. Of course such firms exist to-day and seem to prosper, but I doubt their permanence. Am free to say that partners' wide divergent views concerning which of them shall be head of the firm, and free to choose, must drive them into bankruptcy. But for your courtesy, dear sir, I thank you as deserves a true man. Suggest you seek another her. Remain sincerely,

ANNE U. OOMAN.

P. S.—'T were idle to renew this proposition; but if you should need advice of any kind, in me a loyal friend you 'll find.

Wood Levette Wilson.

UNNECESSARY.

"Are you going to send your daughter through college?"

"Not if she turns out as pretty as I hope for."

A TYRANT.

SHE.—I suppose we are all, to some extent, slaves of Fashion.

HE.—Yes. Fashion does n't even allow liberty of conscience.

COMMENCING YOUNG.

ANGRY MOTHER.—Now, Bobby, don't let me speak to you again!

BOBBY *(helplessly)*.—How can I prevent you, Mama?

WITH SOME men anything but a soft snap is hard times.

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HER OBJECTION TO CHOLLY.

BERTIE.—She twifled with Cholly's affections, bah Jove! and then threw him over for old Gotrox!

REGGY.—Why, Cholly has plenty of money and he 's much younger!

BERTIE.—Yes; she told Cholly he would last longer than Gotrox.

AN UNFORTUNATE EXPEDIENT.

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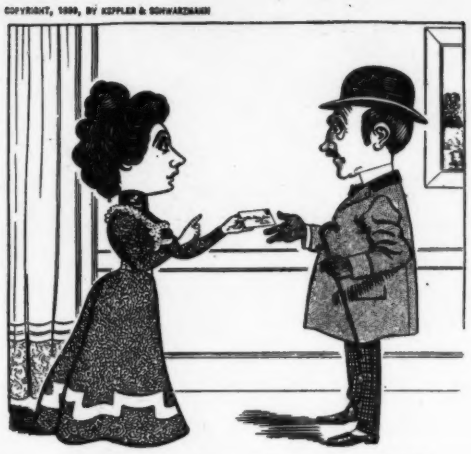
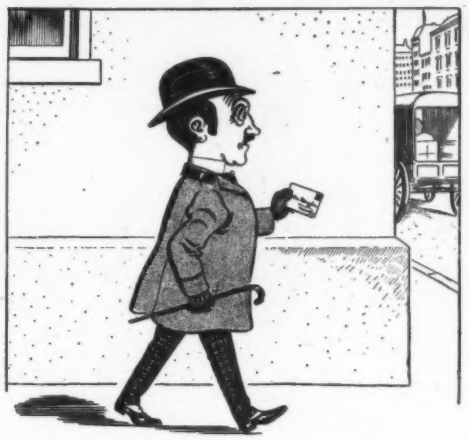


MRS. BOWERS.—James, when you go out I wish you would mail this letter for me. Now, don't put it in your pocket where you will forget it. Carry it in your hand until you come to a mail-box. Mrs. Jones must get this letter to-day without fail!



MR. BOWERS.—Yes! I had better carry it in my hand. I am awfully forgetful. There is a letter-box up at the next corner.

"I can't help thinking of that low-down trick that sneak Sharker played on me yesterday!

"But I 'll be revenged! I 'll g-r-i-n-d him to powder beneath ——

"Ah! Here 's the letter-box. Good heavens! Look how I 've crushed that letter! I can't mail *that!* Oh, Lord! *more* trouble!"

SIGHTED.

ST. VALENTINE'S ship comes sailing
Across the Sea of Dreams;
Roses hang from the railing,
The golden pennant gleams.

Blown by the winds of Fancy,
Careless of maps or charts;
Steered by Love's necromancy
And balla-ted with hearts.

Across the space between us
She glides on even keel;
Her figurehead 's a Venus,
And Cupid 's at the wheel.

The turtle doves are swinging
In wreaths hung from the bow;
Youth at the helm is singing,
And Pleasure at the prow.

Freighted with fair Romances,
Loveknots and ribbons blue;
As nearer she advances
I hear the ringdoves coo.

Ho! maidens, all be merry,
And gallants, pay your court;
Fourteenth of February
She will arrive in port.

Carolyn Wells.

DEFINED.

PARKE.—Who sold you that horse, old man?

LANE.—A friend of mine.

PARKE.—That was a case where friendship was only skin-deep.

AN EXCEPTION.

WINKLE.—It 's remarkable how soon a man is forgotten after he is dead.

NODD.—I guess you never knew my wife's first husband.

HOME USE.

"Jobbins tells me he has just bought a houseboat."

"Why, I did n't know he had money enough for that!"

"Oh, yes! This one is for his cellar."

HIS WATERLOO.

THE ELEVATED train was well filled when there entered one of those men who imagine that they own the world and only permit other people to exist on it that they may observe his importance.

He sat down next to a very pretty little woman, opened his newspaper, threw out his chest and prepared to impress himself and his magnificence on the people in the car.

As he glanced up to see if all were observing him, he noticed a man across the aisle, smiling at, and apparently attempting to attract the attention of the pretty woman sitting beside him. A glance at the lady showed that she was annoyed. She bit her lip and the color rose in her cheek. The pompous man glared at the offending man opposite, but he still continued smiling. Leaning across the car, the great man said:

"Stop it, sir! Stop it!"

The man addressed looked amazed, but refused to take the hint and smiled more broadly than ever.

It was too much! This impudent masher must be crushed!

Rising majestically to his feet and folding his paper, the pompous one prepared for the annihilation of the man opposite; but to his amazement the man also rose, and, lifting his hat, said, "Thanks!" and dropped into the seat vacated by our pompous friend, next to the lady at whom he had been smiling.

Drawing himself up, the great man thundered:

"What do you mean, sir? Don't you see you are annoying this lady?"

The usurper of the seat calmly looked up and said:

"Oh! I guess not! I 've been waiting for a chance to sit next to her. She 's my wife!"

"'ty-third Street!" yelled the guard, and the last we saw of the unasked protector of other men's wives was the bright flush on the back of his neck as he fled down the stairs.

George Totten Smith.

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HOW THEY SPRUNG.

MRS. O'BRIEN.—Have yez anny ancistors, Mrs. Kelly?

MRS. KELLY.—And phwat 's "ancistors," Mrs. O'Brien?

MRS. O'BRIEN.—Why, people you 've shprung from.

MRS. KELLY *(impressively)*.—Lishten to me, Mrs. O'Brien—I come from the royal shtock av Donahues thot shpring from nobody—they shpring *at* thim!

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AN IRRITATING REQUEST.

THE SUPPLICANT.— O Sultan! live forever!

THE SULTAN.— Dog! How often must I tell you not to ask me to do anything that might offend the Christian powers?

TOO PAINFUL.

HE.— I go not by der opera no more. It almost makes me veep.

SHE.— Vy should it make you veep?

HE.— T'ink of all dem great tenors undt sopranos undt so on — effer vun of dem making as much moneysh in a veek as I can make in two mont's.

CLEARLY EXPLAINED.

MRS. HOCORN.— How many rooms are there in the flat where Reub lives in New York?

HIRAM HOCORN *(after his trip)*. — One; divided into seven compartments.

IT OUGHT TO NESTLE.

"My story," said the author, "begins in a little village among the hills of Tennessee —"

"The village *nestles* among the hills?" asked his friend. "Yes? That's right — excuse the interruption — go ahead."

FINE.

"She is a good whist-player for a woman, is n't she?"

"Yes; she always plays in a whisper."

IMPERTINENT.

SUBBUBS.— I 've just returned from a hunting trip.

TOWNE.— House or cook?

UPON CAREFUL examination it will be found that this year's resolutions broke in about the same place as last year's did.

EXPLAINED.

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MRS. LIPSNER.— Randolph, does yo' undahstan' wha' dis "Open Door" policy means?

MR. LIPSNER.— Cert'ny I does, Missus Ignerance. It 's jest dis — when yo' wants to play policy *now*, yo' has to do it on de quiet; sneak up a back alley or t'rough a back gate. Well, dis "Open Door" policy means dat de game is to be played wide open; dat 's what it means!

PUCK.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

SENATORS AND BRIBERY.

THE MANNER in which United States Senators are now elected is open to criticism. The money that they pay for their seats is not properly applied. There should be either a return to the old-fashioned method prescribed by the Constitution, or steps should be taken to secure to the people a large share, at least, of the revenues now arising from the sale of seats. There is much to be said for the old-fashioned method. In theory it brings the honor within reach of the poor man and the rich man alike. But there has come to be so grievous a departure from this rule in practice that it seems hardly entitled to further trial. No one who has kept track of the recent Senatorial elections can have failed to note this. Bribery charges have become so regular that surprise is excited only when they are not made. The late elections in California, Washington and Montana have been particularly illuminative. Reports from Delaware reveal merely a complication, not an alleviation, of the auction system. Pennsylvania shows the chief aspirants restraining each other from bribery by detective surveillance. And Ohio, but a little while ago, furnished an object lesson in the same line, of which the pungent aroma still lingers.

* * *

Newspaper talk? Malicious gossip? Unhappily, no. The newspapers never dare to tell one-half what they know of such things. When they say there is bribery you may be sure that their correspondents have facts and figures and details that would be startling if they were given to the public. Now, if we must submit to the sale of Senate seats to the man with the biggest bundle of money, why should not that money go into the public treasury instead of into the pocket of the State legislator? If it must be done, let it be done officially. There are plenty of uses to which such a fund could be applied. The only argument that can be opposed to such a system is that the man with the biggest bundle of money is not necessarily the fittest Senator. But such talk is antiquated. It savors of a remote day when such flagrant bribery as we now witness in most of our States would have aroused the Senate itself to defend its honor. We do not say that such a man would be the fittest Senator. We only say that to sell him his seat openly and to apply the money to some good purpose would be a more dignified and honorable way than to let him buy it overtly as we now do.

* * *

What other relief is there from what is fast becoming the most gigantic scandal of our times; from a disease that is as surely devastating as any that can afflict a body politic? There is but one, and that is to adopt a system that would destroy the opportunity for such corruption. We must either come out frankly and acknowledge that Senate seats are officially on sale, or we must get our Senators as we get our Aldermen, our State Legislators, our Congressmen, our Governors and our Presidents: the people must elect them by direct vote.

THE WAY IT IS DONE.

THIS THING of Civilization is confusing. It is so relentlessly and eternally different from what we would like it to be. In spite of all our efforts, we can not be polite about it. Try as we will to make it a drawing-room function, it always turns out to be a thing of brute force. Guns and extermination if necessary; but force in some degree, anyway. Darwin summed it up in his "struggle for existence," and Spencer in his "survival of the fittest." Civilization finds a land full of riches, but peopled with savages. It is bound by the law of its being to take the riches; to settle on the land and make it to produce. The savages may survive or they may not. It is immaterial to Civilization. If they can not they are pushed down by those who can. England has been persistently reviled for what is called her land-grabbing and murderous ways. But she has simply obeyed one of those hard, mysterious laws to which all animal life is subject, mankind equally with the beasts of the field. Murder and robbery it has been; nevertheless it has been CIVILIZATION, and we who are civilized are all living upon the spoils of just such robbery and murder. By irresistible rushes England has conquered and developed vast territories, and she has invited the world to share the profits with her. We have yet to hear of a people that scrupled to do so. When we consider her navy and her ways of force we criticise and speak of barbarity and injustice; but when we send our goods to the colonies she has planted by these means we call it Civilization. Do any of our anti-expansionists who happen to be manufacturers, we wonder, ever think of this when they ship their goods to South Africa, or Australia, or India? Would Senator Hoar, we wonder, champion a bill forbidding our manufacturers to sell goods in any market that has been thrown open by the policy he so cordially loathes? You see, Civilization is a hard thing. And its mechanism has not changed one bit since our own civilizing forefathers invaded this land without warrant, declared that all men were free and equal, and then proceeded vigorously to convert the men who were its rightful owners into phosphates for its nourishment.

QUESTION OF THE DAY.

LITTLE ETHEL *(for the first time observing baby, born Valentine's day).*—Well, Papa, I s'pose you 're just dying to know who sent it!

CHILDLIKE AND BLAND.

MAMA.—You must be very good during Lent, Tommy.

TOMMY.—Why, is Santa Claus coming again at Easter?

IF THE Filipinos are wise, they will come quietly into the union and organize an army of office-seekers.

ORDER IS Heaven's first law, and Cuba and the Philippines will have to give it a trial.

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A WILD REMARK.

MISS GOODE.—Our clergyman is a dreadfully reckless talker!

ASKINS.—What do you mean?

MISS GOODE.—Why, he said this morning that we ought all to struggle to get to heaven as we struggle to get into society!

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J. OTTMANN LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

THE DUTY OF GREAT NATIONS.

JOHN BULL.—Don't get discouraged, Sam! I 've had just that sort of trouble for three hundred years, while I 've been building this monument. It has cost many human lives and much money, but the whole world, as well as England, has benefited by it.

BRITANNIA
GUIANA
AUSTRALIA
IRELAND
SCOTLAND
INDIA
CANADA
EGYPT
S. AFRICA
W. INDIES
PHILIPPINE COMPLICATIONS

CONCERNING OCCULTISM.

"YES, SIR!" said the Man at the Next Table, bringing down his fist with so much emphasis that the cocktail beside it described a parabolic curve into his lap; "I don't want to hear anything more about occultism. I've renounced it forever."

"Indeed?" said his mild-looking companion, carefully removing his own glass to the adjacent chair; "I thought you informed me only last week that psychic research was the only truly grand fruit of civilization."

"H'm! Well! I may possibly have made some such remark; but I've had a change of heart. Would you like to hear about it?"

Although personally unafflicted, I am somewhat interested in this form of insanity, and I leaned over to hear what would come next. The first speaker sighed mournfully, stared out of the window and continued:

"The thing began when I started to investigate clairvoyancy. I got a first-class teacher and went to work on the common, every-day, past-present-and-future, three-dollars-per-consultation sort of business. It was too easy. In a month I could tell your name, what you came for and all that sort of thing. It was so simple that it disgusted me, and, leaving out the finer details, such as telling the original color of your grandmother's hair and predicting your whereabouts ten years ahead, I decided to pass on to something more difficult.

"Spiritualism seemed to about fill the bill. I was again fortunate enough to find a good teacher in Professor Geistig;—yes, that benevolent-looking old gentleman who borrowed ten dollars from me a few minutes ago—and it seemed for awhile as if I had really found my life-work. Will you believe me, sir, when I tell you that before three weeks had passed I could raise two more spirits per hour, on the average, than could the professor himself?

"There was a tall, blonde spirit that took to me from the beginning. At first she seemed satisfied with appearing at unexpected times and places, but later she insisted on writing love-letters. The young lady to whom I am engaged discovered one of them, and the spirit of George Washington stole my overcoat and silk hat on the same night; so,—well, I reluctantly gave up spiritualism.

"For a month or so I devoted all my time to business and made enough money to about balance the amount I had spent in trying to get inside information on the Unknown.

"Then came the real trouble. It was—"

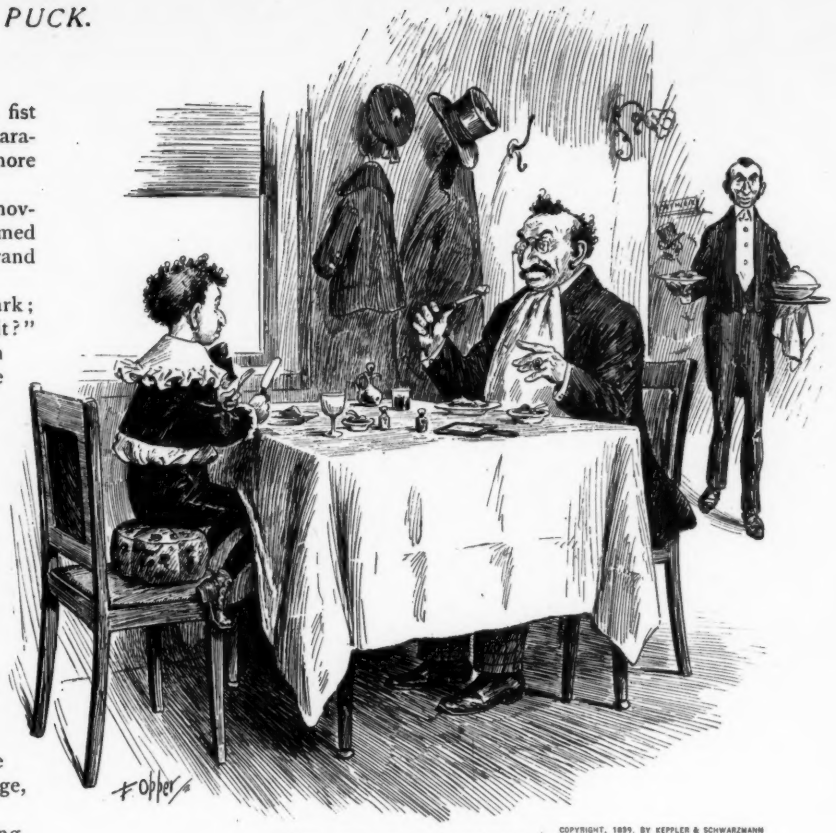
He stopped, sighed, and absorbed a fresh cocktail before speaking the one word:

"Buddhism."

"That was the complaint that landed Reynolds in the lunatic asylum," observed the Mild-looking Man.

"It came very near doing the same for me," was the answer.

"It started when I attended a lecture on the subject. There, I was convinced, lay my true field for investigation; and I had made arrangements with the lecturer before the hall was fairly empty. He seemed pleased with my enthusiasm, demanded and received a good-sized cash deposit, and promised to call on me next day. He came. He came every day, and every day left me more enthusiastic than when he came. He sold me a half-interest in his Mahatma, and we used him jointly. He got my astral body into working order and showed me how to operate it. It was a good astral body, he said; one of the best he had ever seen; and I had a great deal of fun sending it to Thibet to interview the Mahatma and get points from him, personally. Being fresh, it could make the trip in record-breaking time, and my Swami, which is the something-or-other for teacher, raked in considerable money racing it with other bilious and malarial and generally broken-down astral bodies of his acquaintance.



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THE REAL DIFFICULTY.

LITTLE JACOB.—Fader, ven a man can't meet a note he is in financial diffigulties, ain't he!

MR. ISAACS.—Not at all, my son; it 's ven a man can't get his note *disgounted* dot he 's in financial diffigulties!

"One day my preceptor suggested that I should send it to take a look at the moon, and I jumped at the idea. He said it would be necessary for him to have an assistant in order to get it started right. I supposed he was afraid that it would hang back, seeing the length of the trip, and that he might not be able to persuade it all alone. At any rate, the day came, and so did my Swami and his assistant. We drank a bottle of wine to the success of the undertaking, and then they laid me on the sofa in the regulation way and began their chant. Pretty soon I went to sleep as I 'd been accustomed to do, but I lost track of my astral body. It started off so suddenly that I had no time to make arrangements for the trip, so I was left asleep on the sofa.

"As the clock struck nine the next day—it was last Tuesday—I woke up with a jar and looked around. Every particle of the furniture, except the sofa, had disappeared! My two rooms had been looted of all the things for which I paid spot cash not two months ago. On the floor beside me was my bank-book and check-book, and on the last stub of the latter I perceived that I had registered a check drawn to my Swami—and in my own handwriting—for every cent recorded in the bank-book. Need I add that the check was cashed and the furniture sold before I had regained breath?

"An authority on those things has since told me that I was hypnotized. When I have managed to make up that bank account once more I shall perhaps look into hypnotism a little. That 's the reason I have forsaken psychic research. Do you blame me?"

E. F. S.

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SHE WAS INNOCENT.

MRS. GOTROX.—Bridget, some of my jewelry is missing!

BRIDGET.—Well, don't come to me about it, Mum! I 'm no kleptomaniac!

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HER PREFERENCE.

THE COOK *(answering advertisement for help)*.—If Oi knowed it was a flat they lived at, the divil a bit of me 'u'd have come at all!

THE MAID *(also answering advertisement)*.—Oh! I don't know. It's a nice-looking flat!

THE COOK.—Yis; but Oi loike to wor-ruk in a private house where yez kin own the basemint!

A PALÆOLITHIC VALENTINE.

NOTE.—In the cave of Duruthy, Western Pyrenees, the following lines were found, scratched in the picture-language of the ancient Stone Age, on a rude necklace of bears' teeth. We are indebted for this rendering to that most eminent scientist of our day, R. K. Ologist.

PALÆOLITHIC MAID!
Since first I saw thy dark, earth-colored skin,
Thy fang-like teeth, flat nose, retreating chin—
Thy wondrous beauty—I 've been sore afraid,
I, the great hunter, Maid!

With missles swift of stone,
A reindeer-antler's dagger, and a spear
With tip of bone or flint, I hunt, nor fear
The mastadon or mammoth—yet I own
To dread of thee alone.

As dark shapes follow men
On sunlit days and moonlight nights, and as
Shrill voices mock our woodland calls, so has
Thine image ever been with me—again
I hear thy voice as then.

A lovely maid should be
Like to the earth—immovable—not roam
As do the sun and moon away from home,
But ever in the hut remain, while he,
Her lord, hunts on the lea.

Since thou must learn to sew,
I 've made some needles out of bone for thee;
And thou shalt cook and kindle fires for me;
And thou must ne'er say "Yes" when I say "No,"
Or stay when I would go.

This hut of boughs is thine,
And all therein. Dost thou accept it, dear?
Or must I throttle thee and bear thee here
By force? If thou dost love me, give some sign
That thou wilt soon be mine!

Lawrence K. Russel.

BEFORE SENTENCE WAS PRONOUNCED.

"Have you anything to say?" asked the Judge.

"Nothing special," replied the convicted counterfeiter. "I happened to notice that there was a large rural demand for an increased circulating medium and I supplied it."

He sighed gently.

HIS EXPERIENCE.

"I thought Cholly's father started him in business?"

"He did; but business was so dull that Cholly had to get an alarm clock to wake himself up when it was time to go home!"

ANOTHER HOPE BLASTED.

"My book," cried the author, joyfully, as he finished the last chapter, "will be worth its weight in gold!"

And it was a great pity that it was n't, as it was generally conceded that his book was insupportably heavy.

A PARAPHRASE.

FIRST WHEELMAN.—I would n't care to ride one of those cheap wheels.

SECOND WHEELMAN.—No;—a cheap wheel must make a man feel cheap.

WASTED AFFECTION.

"So your poodle ran away, Miss Chic?"

"Yes. I 'm very sorry now I did n't have a muff made out of him—as Jack wanted me to."

PIETY HAS a superficial, symptomatic likeness to dyspepsia; yet we feel justified in believing that the recording angel, at least, differentiates with accuracy between a good heart and a bad stomach.

IT IS sometimes very difficult to tell which are the most bored, the entertainers or the entertained.

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A NEEDLESS QUESTION.

THE HUMAN PINCUSHION.—I suppose you get paid handsomely for eating nothing but Razzleigh's Health Food?

THE STRONG MAN *(witheringly)*.—Well, I hope you don't think I'm eatin' it fer me health, do you?

NO MYSTERY TO HIM.

"Have you paid any attention to the race problem?" asked the thoughtful man, as he laid down his paper.

"Have I?" answered the very small man with the massive diamond. "I 'm the fellow who taught Tod Sloan how to ride."—*Washington Star.*

SHE.—What is "kiss" in French?

HE.—I can't tell you, but I can show you.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

THE man who can not change his opinion belongs either to the grave or the asylum.—*Ram's Horn.*

DON'T get mad; it will settle on your liver.—*Atchison Globe.*

GOUT and a well-used cycle cannot dwell in the same house.—*L. A. W. Bulletin.*

THE CELEBRATED

SOHMER

Heads the List of the Highest-Grade Pianos.

CAUTION.—The buying public will please not confound the genuine SOHMER Piano with one of a similar sounding name of a cheap grade.

Our name spells—

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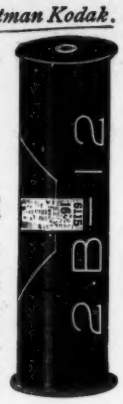
C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner, 212 State St., Chicago.

There is no Kodak but the Eastman Kodak.

By the

KODAK SYSTEM



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of film photography the instrument loads and unloads in broad daylight.

The film is put up in cartridge form and is perfectly protected from light by a strip of black paper extending the full length of the film and several inches beyond each end.

To load: simply insert this cartridge in the Kodak; thread up the black paper; close the camera and give the key a few turns, thus bringing the film into position.

The picture taking may then begin. The roll of a dozen exposures being completed the black paper covers all, and the cartridge can be removed as easily as it was inserted.

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is due not only to the originality and simplicity of the combination, but also to the care and skill with which it is manufactured by scientific processes known to the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. only, and we wish to impress upon all the importance of purchasing the true and original remedy. As the genuine Syrup of Figs is manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. only, a knowledge of that fact will assist one in avoiding the worthless imitations manufactured by other parties. The high standing of the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. with the medical profession, and the satisfaction which the genuine Syrup of Figs has given to millions of families, makes the name of the Company a guaranty of the excellence of its remedy. It is far in advance of all other laxatives, as it acts on the kidneys, liver and bowels without irritating or weakening them, and it does not gripe nor nauseate. In order to get its beneficial effects, please remember the name of the Company—

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SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.

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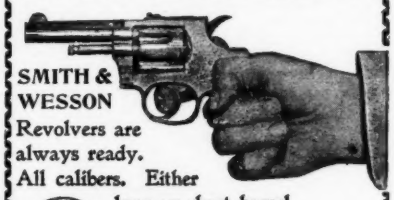
AT THE GYMNASIUM.

"Does n't this give you an appetite?"
"Does n't it, though? Why, I feel now as if I could eat a whole pound of caramels!"

YOURS TO COMMAND!



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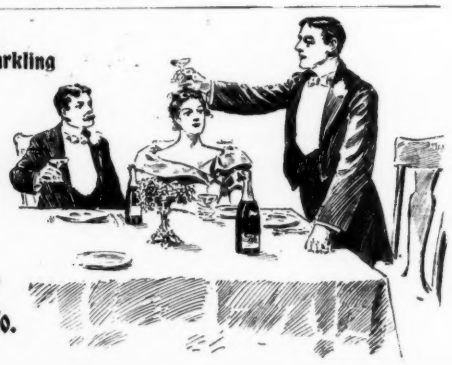

A HINT TO MA.

This precocious youngster of six still lives with his family in a fine home near the city limits, but there is no telling when he may strike out on his own hook, for he is a boy of decided opinions and vast self-reliance.

One morning the mother was doing quite a job of scolding because so few of the family were ready for breakfast at the appointed hour. She wanted them to understand that she was not running a hotel and that they must come down in time or shift for themselves.

"Maw!" broke in the young hopeful, shrilly; "you 'll make us all sorry we married you if you don't quit talkin' so much!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

"TELL ME, Doctor, were you successful with that patient on the next block?"

"Partially so; I cured him, but I have n't succeeded in getting any money out of him yet."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Sozodont
saves the teeth

A Sample Phial for the postage, three cents, if you mention this publication.
Address, P. O. Box 247, New York City.

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THE NEEDFUL QUALITY.

JONES.—Dear me! You say you often lay down the law to your wife. How do you go about it?

BONES.—Why, all you need is firmness! I usually go into my study, lock the door, and do it over the transom;—all you need is firmness—in the door!

With all the culture of the ancients they had no champagne. If they had only known *Cook's Imperial Extra Dry!*

Persons afflicted with dyspepsia, diarrhoea or colic, will find immediate relief and sure cure in *Dr. Siegert's* Angostura Bitters.

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IN the matter of sharpening a pencil, it takes a woman some time before she comes to the point.—*Norristown Herald.*

"IN a multitude of counsellors there is safety;" and also bankruptcy, if they are lawyers.—*L. A. W. Bulletin.*

NO FRIEND LIKE AN OLD FRIEND.

In these days of a multiplicity of brands it is refreshing to turn to an old friend like Heublein's "Club Cocktails," and know that here is one which does not have to be taken on faith. Years of experience have made "Club Cocktails" the perfect blend of liquors that they are, and years of use have made them household words all over the country. Ask at any Hotel, Club-House, Café or fancy grocer, which is the best, and the answer every time will be Heublein's "Club Cocktails." The secret of their well-deserved popularity is, that they are made entirely by actual weight and measurement, from the best quality of liquors, and kept six months before being bottled, thus ensuring a perfect drink.

Heublein's "Club Cocktails" are made in seven varieties: Manhattan, Martini, Vermouth, Holland Gin, York, Tom Gin and Whiskey, all of the same uniform high grade, and all worthy of a place in the cellar of every connoisseur in the land.

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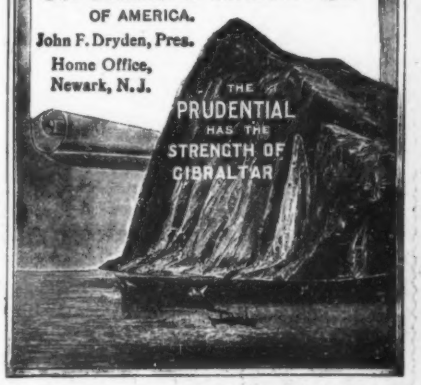

JUST OUT: Puck's Library, No. 140, entitled:

"Country Cousins."

BACK TO THE CITY.

FIRST SWEET GIRL.— Is that Mr. McMugg? Why, he 's as ugly as a stump fence! You said he was handsome.

SECOND SWEET GIRL *(repentantly)*. — I — I thought he was. You see, I met him at Exclusive Beach, and he was the only man there.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

"Are these real down pillows?"

"Oh, no! they 're only marked down for the holidays." — *Yonkers Statesman.*

Hunter Baltimore Rye

The American Gentleman's Whiskey.

Sold at all First-class Cafés and Jobbers.
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

Pears'

To keep the skin clean is to wash the excretions from it off; the skin takes care of itself inside, if not blocked outside.

To wash it often and clean, without doing any sort of violence to it, requires a most gentle soap, a soap with no free alkali in it.

Pears', the soap that clears but not excoriates.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people use it.

EVERY humbug puts a pious motto over his door.—*Ram's Horn.*

FEW men with a grievance can tell the truth. —*Atchison Globe.*

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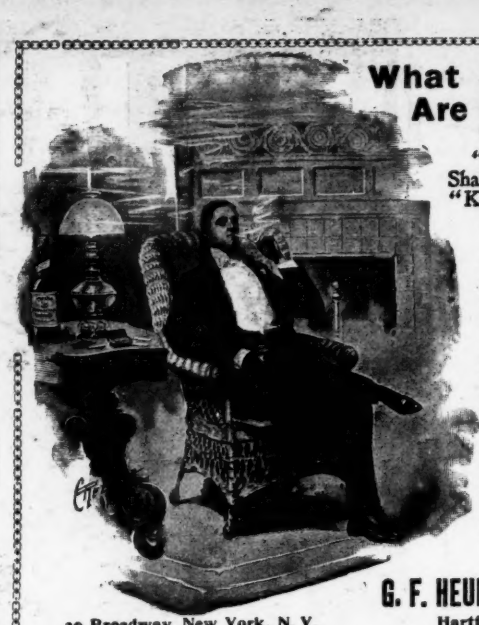

What Are Club Cocktails?

"A MODERN ECSTASY" is a Shakespearian definition for a "Cocktail." "Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings."

Wherever good livers are found, wherever conviviality exists, even to the most remote corners of the earth, the "CLUB COCKTAIL" reigns supreme as a fashionable drink.

The "CLUB COCKTAILS" never vary; they are always the same. The secret of their perfect blend is that they are kept six months before being drawn off and bottled.

"Cocktails" that are served over the bar do not contain these indispensable qualities.

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A GRAND TRIUMPH.

FIRST ACTOR.— Was that new play a success?

SECOND ACTOR.— *Was* it? Why, we got our full salaries for nearly two weeks, and busted only nine miles from New York!

A trial of two generations and more has been the test that proves Abbott's the Original Angostura Bitters to be the best tonic for family use.

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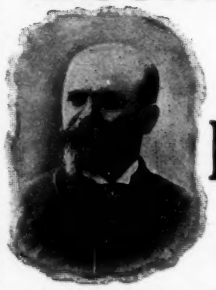

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All Others Are Imitations.

POLITENESS never has a stiff neck.—*Ram's Horn.*

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Do not throw it away in half-smoked cigars! You will find that 50% of your cigar money is thrown away every day if you recall how few cigars you really have time to smoke "up."

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METAL POLISH—Sure, Quick, Easy. Gives a brilliant, durable lustre; never spoils; guaranteed pound box 25c. at dealers. G. W. Hoffman, Mnfr., Indianapolis, Ind.

A GOOD THING, INDEED!

"Even in geography the beneficent plans of Nature appear," remarked Mr. Poindexter.

"Do they?" asked Mr. Perkasie.

"Well, consider for yourself the result if the Canaries were near Cat Island."—*Detroit Free Press.*

ILL-NATURED.

"Ring out the old year!" exclaimed the man who has holiday enthusiasms.

"Yes," answered the dyspeptic, as he shook out his umbrella; "that 's a good idea. Wring it out. It has been one of the wettest old years I ever saw."—*Washington Star.*

THERE will be no more shooting unless the dove of peace proves to be a clay pigeon.—*Adams Freeman.*

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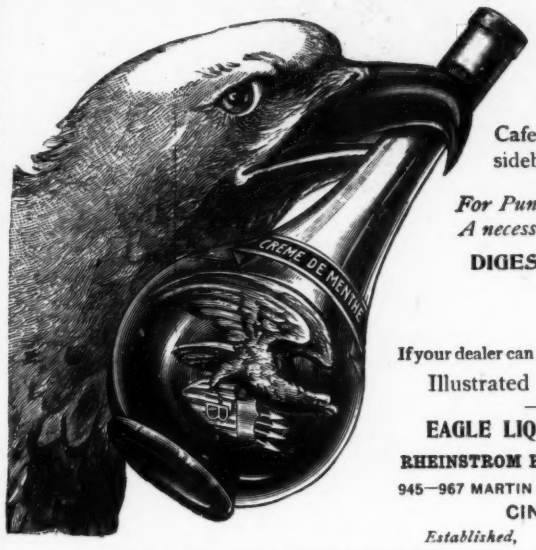

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It can always be relied upon. It is the leading product of the largest cigar manufactory in the world. Neither pains or expense is spared to make it in all respects a perfect cigar.

If you can't get it at your dealer's we will send you, express prepaid, a dozen packed in a tin box for $1. This is a small price, but we are anxious to acquaint you with the merits of the GENERAL ARTHUR.

Send us a 2-cent stamp for an odd and striking folder.

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IF old shoes only looked half as well as they feel, there never would be any new ones bought.—*Wash. Democrat.*

REMEMBER the main, and shut off the water these cold nights.—*L. A. W. Bulletin.*

As TO whether it is better to use "gotten" than "got" we should say notten. — *Roxbury Gazette.*

HENRY LINDENMEYR & SONS,
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32, 34 and 36 Bleecker Street, } NEW YORK.
BRANCH WAREHOUSE 20 Beekman Street. }
All kinds of Paper made to order

BOKER'S BITTERS

An appetizer, promotes digestion, cures dyspepsia, and delicious in drinks.

SOLICITOUS.

DOCTOR.—Your wife, sir, is suffering from general functional derangement.

MR. PARVENU.—I knew it. May be she 'll give me credit with knowing a few things after a while. I told her to quit gadding around to all these swell functions or she 'd be sick. Now she 's deranged. Is she liable to be violent, Doc? — *Detroit Free Press.*

A POSSIBLE REASON.

"I have never yet been able to guess," said the man whose mind continually reverts to the past, "what Aguinaldo wanted with a gold collar."

"May be," said his fretful friend, "he wanted to get something that would come home from the laundry without cracked buttonholes and saw edges."—*Washington Star.*

WHEN a man says he will not believe in what he does not understand, he is simply throttling his chances of wisdom with the fingers of his vanity. —*Ram's Horn.*

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A WISE MAN.

SHE.—What do you think of love and marriage?
HE.—One thing at a time, please!

MISSED HIS POINT.

"I never jump at conclusions!" shouted the campaign orator.

"I should say you did n't," responded the old farmer in a front seat who had been gallantly fighting for sleep. "You 've been hollerin' two hours and hain't concluded nothin'. I 'm goin'."—*Detroit Free Press.*

UNCERTAINTY.

"You can't tell what is going to turn up in politics," remarked the sage.

"That is n't the worst of it," remarked the New York statesman. "You can't tell what is going to be turned down." — *Washington Star.*

SNIFFINS. — Cadderby is wearing a look of importance lately. Has he been made a member of the firm he works for?

KOFFNER. — No; but he 's been given a position which carries with it the privilege of bossing the office boy. —*Roxbury Gazette.*

THERE is no fool so sad a fool as the smart fool.—*Ram's Horn.*

Morning, Noon, and Night Splendid Trains to Chicago—Via NEW YORK CENTRAL.

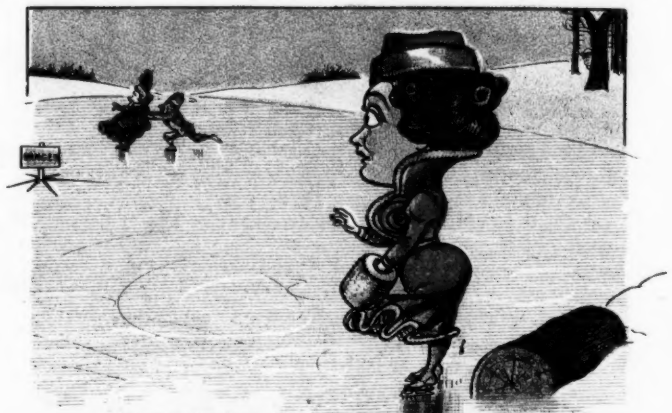
REGINALD SMARTEY *(aside)*.—Oh! this is going to be a winning game I play to-day! Teaching her how to skate will necessarily throw her into my arms, even if her mother does insist on coming with us. That Charley Getthere is n't in it; he can't skate.

CHARLEY GETTHERE.—Ah! ye cruel Gods of Love! I 've lost. That skating lesson invariably wins the girl. *I* can't skate. Oh, cruel, cruel fate! Still, I will follow and see my finish.

[illegible].—Oh! Mr. Smartey, I thought I would [illegible] have a pair of skates and I want you to teach me how.

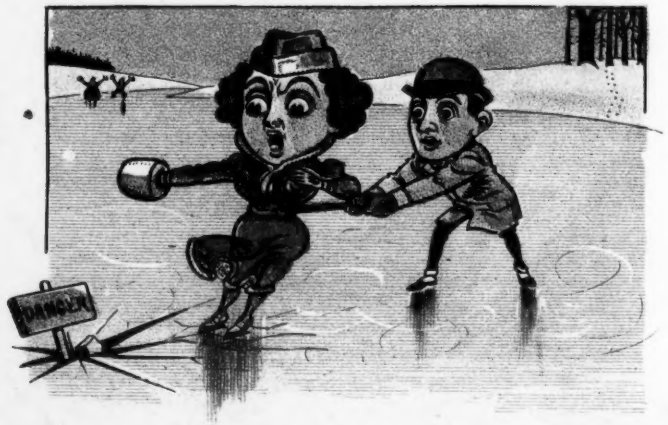
SMARTEY *(aside)*.—Great Scott! Still, things are coming my way. There is nothing like making oneself solid with the old lady.

"Now, all ready! Miss Clara, you sit there; I 'll give your Mommer a few lessons first."

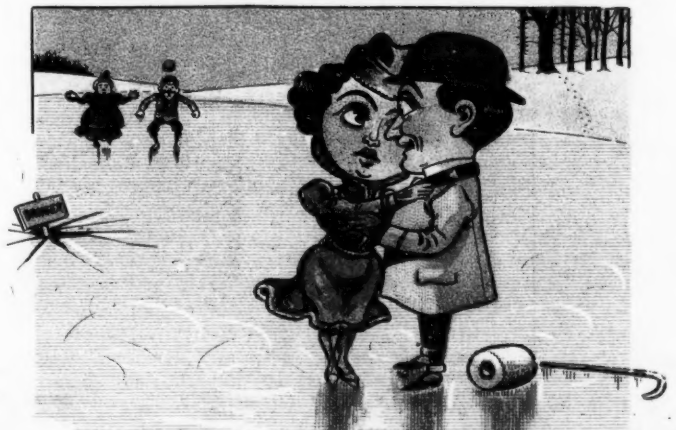


CLARA.—Gracious alive! I 'm nearly frozen stiff sitting here. There's no telling when mother will let him go; not until she has learned, that is certain. I 'll try it myself; the exercise will keep me warm, at least.

"Why, this is *easy!* I don't have to move my feet at all; the wind blows me along as if I were flying. It is just gran— Oh! look where I am going and can't stop myself! Help! Help!"



CHARLEY GETTHERE.—Steady! Steady! Don't scream! *I* have you. Now, steady and I will pull you out of danger.



CLARA.—Oh! Mr. Getthere! Charley! You have saved my life; take me; I am yours!

CLARA'S MOTHER.—Clara! Saved your life! How grand! How romantic! Certainly you did right in giving yourself to him. Take her, my son, and be happy. And, Mr. Smartey, I don't suppose Clara will wish any skating lessons in the future, as Mr. Getthere does n't skate; but you can call for me at any time and give me a few more instructions.

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OVERREACHED;—A MID-WINTER ROMANCE.